

American Boys Fighting for France to Repay Debt Their Country Owes

Thrilling Tales of the Valor of the Men of the Famous Foreign Legion and the Flying Corps Told

by Paul Rockwell

By EDWARD MARSHALL.

PARIS, Jan. 10.

YOU didn't know that Old Glory had flown above fighting men in this great war, did you? It has. Over the most picturesque and one of the most heroic of the regiments engaged in the great struggle the immortal flag has fluttered gayly, bravely, but quite unobtrusively.

How did it occur? In this way: If we begin at the beginning we must go a long way back. In 1831



LIEUT. KIFFIN YATES ROCKWELL

behind most of them has been purely idealistic. "The Americans who have come here have been drawn or, better, have emerged, from all classes. We have had some millionaires among us. William Thaw of Pittsburgh safely may be classed as one, I think. Stewart Carstairs of Philadelphia has been dubbed the millionaire artist. Kenneth Weeks of Cambridge, Mass., who was killed on June 17, 1915, was the son of a millionaire.

"If all America's rich men's sons could live as well and die as gloriously as Kenneth Weeks both lived and died we perhaps should have as much to be proud of, with regard to this war, as France has had since the last years of the eighteenth century in connection with our fight for freedom in which she aided us so gloriously.

"Other rich young Americans who have come to join the forces fighting for the cause of freedom have been Henry W. Farnsworth of Boston, Edward Mandell Stone of New Bedford (a Harvard graduate and the first American volunteer to be killed in the Foreign Legion) and Victor Chapman, who spent a year in the trenches as a soldier and was killed after he had become an aviator. Chapman left an estate of half a million. He had every-

bayonet in this war. He now has left the Legion to become one of the most daring and devoted pilots in the American escadrille of the French Flying Service.

"Billy Thorin of Canton, S. D., who ran away from home at the age of 14, may be called a true adventurer in the most picturesque as well as in the best sense of that much abused word. Some doubt was expressed in the Legion at first as to the accuracy of Billy's tales of travel before he came to fight for France, but when every descriptive word he uttered invariably was confirmed by other members of the Legion who had seen the far spots he mentioned in his casual and fascinating conversations scepticism faded. He was wounded in the head in the Champagne fight, but kept on fighting without loss of time. A second wound resulted in the report of his death, but he refused to die in fact and is recovering.

"Our men invariably have been plucky. Injury has not discouraged them. No Frenchman has shown greater persistence in his fighting, for example, than Nelson Larson, an American sailor, who was killed upon the day of American independence last year. He had had his jaw shot away in June of the previous year, but had refused to be invalided out of the army.

"Henry Claude and Arthur Barry, both of Massachusetts, soldiers of the Legion, had another point in common, for both had served as gunners on the United States ship Dakota before they joined the Foreign Legion ranks. They are fighting gallantly.



PAUL AYRES ROCKWELL

a small band of men who had sought refuge in France from political tyranny elsewhere organized the Foreign Legion for service in Algeria.

In Africa in Mexico, in Tonkin (Indo-China), in Dahomey, in Madagascar and in the Sudan, the band of devoted foreigners, never dying as an organization, though forever courting death and winning it as individuals, fought splendidly for France, and during this great war of 1914-17 it has maintained its superb record.

Its tale was told to me in the soft accent of our Southern States in my hotel in Paris, and the man who told it was as good an American fighting man as any I, whose good fortune it has been to know many, ever have known. He is of that best of all our fighting types which fights because it thinks the cause it fights for is a just one and not because it loves to fight for the mere sake of fighting.

He is one of those Americans over whom Old Glory fluttered on the march toward battle in this war. His name is Paul Rockwell, and he is from Atlanta, Ga.

This is his extraordinary story of the Foreign Legion he has known it and of his own and other Americans' present connection with it in this war. "In aviation and in the Foreign Legion America is doing something in this war," said the plucky youngster, in his pleasant Southern drawl, which promptly carried me to distant Georgia. "Not less than fifteen American aviators have flown at the front, and we have fifty now in training."

It should be explained at once that one of those who flew at the front was Rockwell's brother, a remarkable young Southerner, whose ideals and those alone brought him to this war, which he looked on as the greatest fight for human liberty the world ever has known. He flew at the front and he flew there to his death.

"In the Foreign Legion probably two hundred Americans are serving or have served, and while this is fine as far as it goes," the young Georgian continued, "it does not go far enough to thrill a real American who knows why the war is being fought."

"The bitterest regret of my whole life is that so few Americans have come here to help France. When we, the people of America, needed help Lafayette and his followers were a hundred times as many as we are in this war, and they were drawn from a total French population scarcely more than that of two American cities of to-day.

"But we retain one reason for some sense of pride. With the exception of, say, six or eight, all the men who have come to help to pay our debt to France have been good fighting men. Not one of them has come for money. Some may have come for the pure love of adventure, but I believe the impulse

thing to live for, but I know that he believed that he was risking death for something far more precious.

"These are but a few rich, strong, happy young Americans who have plunged into the mud and tragedy of this great war, willing to give up everything that civilization offers for the sake of their conviction that we of the United States owe a debt to France which can be paid only by at least the offer of our blood.

"Among the Legionnaires have been many good American professional men. Dr. David D. Wheeler, a famous surgeon of Buffalo, N. Y., was honorably discharged from the Legion and awarded a pension after being wounded in Champagne September 23, 1915.

Frank Musgrave of San Antonio, Tex., was a graduate from Tulane University and a successful lawyer before he started for the battle front. After fifteen months with the Foreign Legion he was captured at Verdun and now is in a prison camp. I hate to think about him after some of the grim stories I have heard.

"Dennis Dowd, a graduate of Columbia Law School, abandoned a successful practice in Brooklyn to come over and fight for France. After a year's service he was wounded. I hate to think about him after some of the grim stories I have heard.

"Several graduates of West Point have come across the sea to fight for France in the great Legion, among them Charles Sweeney, who enlisted as a second class soldier in the ranks but has won the Legion of Honor and the Military Cross for devotion and bravery during his service in the Foreign Legion, and has been promoted to a First Lieutenant.

"Of men from the American army ranks there are several in the Legion. Edgar Bouliouy of New Orleans served six years as a United States regular during his term in the Foreign Legion, promoted after having been thrice wounded. Recently he was commended by the Colonel as one of the proud organization's best under-officers.

"From the United States navy have come many volunteers, all fine. Paul Pavlek of Madison, Conn., once of the navy, has taken part in three of the greatest battles which the Legion has fought and up to this time remains the only American wounded by a German

"The profession of the mining engineer includes certain adventurous characteristics calculated to make a man who follows it love the out of doors life and the excitement of war service. Perhaps the best example of this is one of digging in, may make to mining men a particular appeal. Charles Hoffaker, a mining engineer of San Francisco, was killed at Verdun while serving with the Legion, and Ivan Nock of Baltimore, another American mining engineer, still is in the Legion's ranks.

"Frederick W. Zinn of Battle Creek, Mich., is an American civil engineer who was graduated from his State university in 1914, but came over here to fight instead of taking up his profession. He was wounded in the Champagne battle and afterward went into aviation. He is now flying at the front as a topographer and aero machine gun operator.

"Besides these and other American professional men in the Legion there are several young Americans who abandoned their professional studies in order to bind upon their waists the broad blue sash.

"A curious fact is that although there are plenty of clergymen, divinity students and ex-priests in the Legion, none of them is an American. Several Americans are respectfully celebrated as among those fighting men who always carry in their pockets Bibles, and read them when they can. Among these William Thaw of Pittsburgh came with a Bible given to him by his mother and very highly prized. He read from it when he conducted the first Thanksgiving services held at the front during the war.

"An interesting American in the Legion was Dr. Wheeler, who came to France in charge of Mrs. Whitney's hospital. His wife came also and served as the nurse in the American Ambulance, Paris. For a time Dr. Wheeler acted as a surgeon, but what he saw among the wounded made him want to fight. He joined the Legion as a plain private soldier.

"A dum dum bullet tore away the calf of his leg as he entered a German first line trench during the Champagne battle on September 28, 1915. Of course he stopped, but presently was able to crawl to the rear and went about on his hands and knees giving comfort to the wounded. For this on Christmas Day, 1915, he was given the French War Cross.

"Among the American fighting men I must not forget to mention Achilles Clinger, who for a time was an instructor at Columbia University.

"Unquestionably the Foreign Legion is the most interesting body of fighting men in modern history. Every nationality is represented in it, not omitting those against whom France is fighting. One entire corps is made up

of us expected soon to see America again. We reached Washington Thursday morning, routed our member of Congress out of a committee meeting, induced him to help us get our passports quickly, changed our paper money into gold at the Treasury, and next morning sailed from New York, reaching London on August 14, ten days after the war's outbreak.

"We went at once to the French Embassy and offered our services. No foreign volunteers were being accepted then, but we left our names and addresses on August 24 the French Embassy said that we might join the nation's fighting forces, endorsing this upon our passports. We could have joined the British army earlier, but we wished especially to fight for France.

"August 26 at 8 o'clock in the morning we sailed in Paris. On the following day we went to the train and enlisted in the Foreign Legion. At 8 o'clock the next morning we were on a military train steaming out of the Gare St. Lazare for Rouen, where we were to train.

"The Germans, then, were getting close. Paris was under attack still. In Rouen, in cattle cars we were sent on to Toulouze—twenty Americans, 250 English and thousands of volunteers of other nationalities. At Toulouze we were trained for four weeks, and then all men who had served under fire in the army were asked to volunteer for immediate departure to the front.

"We never had been under fire or in any army, but we volunteered. Every American but two lied like a gentleman and said he had seen service. Our corporal later remarked that the service we had seen had very poorly drilled us, but we explained (through a happy thought) that it had been in Mexico, with the guerrillas, who think very little and know less of military drill.

"Strange tales were told by those Americans who wished to get still the fight at once. Lincoln Chalkoff of Brooklyn claimed five years in the Salvation Army and was passed respectively as a revolutionist from some unknown South American state, presumably San Salvador. His statement was written down with all due gravity and he was taken.

"On September 30, fifty-seven days after the declaration of war, we who had travelled the better part of 4,000 miles to get into the fight for France, marched through the streets of Toulouze with the Foreign Legion, the leading men. Displayed above our heads were the famous battle flag of the Legion, the French, British, Russian and Belgian flags, and by no means the smallest of the lot, Old Glory—bless her Stars and Stripes!

"For three days we swung this beautiful American flag from the French troop train and no diplomatic episode so far has resulted. We are afraid none ever will. We are proud that our beloved flag was used in this great war. We should be sorry if the

"Seeger was a Harvard graduate, with to his credit some of the finest verse which so far has been inspired by the war. He was killed by bullets from a German machine gun during the assault on Belleau Saunterre.

"In all about sixty thousand volunteers have enlisted in the Legion during the war. The organization has had a fair share of the fighting, but more than its fair share and less than it has wanted, although false tales have been spread from Berlin that the organization has been pushed out to the slaughter.

"The Legion has lost heavily, probably in all close to 16,000 men, or nearly 25 per cent. of its original strength, but these are French and British regiments which have lost even more than that, and German regiments which have lost much more.

"France has shown especial appreciation of these fighters who have come to her through pure sympathy with her fight for liberty. The men of the Foreign Legion are the best clothed, best fed, best officered soldiers in the French army.

"Every officer in the whole Legion is a man who has made good. Not a man holds a commission who has not won the right to do so. Some have come after having made fine records in their own native countries who have held command of French or French-Colonial troops; but every man has earned advancement.

"The Legion is chock full of interesting characters. Among the most delightful is Prince Sukuna, a Fiji Island Prince, son of a King and grandson of the late great King of all the Fijis. When the war broke out he was a student at Oxford. In the trenches he became a great friend of Henry Farnsworth and Victor Chapman, both Harvard graduates.

"He was badly wounded in the Champagne fighting and, partially recovering, went to his native island to help to raise a battalion of his fellow countrymen for service in France. Presently he will come on with them. If they are all like him (which of course they will not be) they will be among the most completely civilized persons I have ever seen.

"One of the fighting men of the Legion was formerly Archbishop of Corinth. I don't know why he left the church, but he is still fighting, and in addition to his military pay he draws a pension of a franc a day from the Pope.

"In all manner of nationalities meet in the Legion, so also do all manner of men. For some time I slept in the trenches with, on one side, a Neapolitan sneathief who boasted that he had served twenty terms in prison, and on the other a young man from the Legion because of his high ideals and his great love for France. The sneathief has since been killed and the Norwegian baron has been invalided out of the service. He now is in Norway lecturing on the war.

"Rockwell to tell of his companions in the Legion than it was to get him to tell his own interesting story. Immediately after the outbreak of the war his brother and himself offered their services to the French Consul-General in New Orleans.

"We wrote to him," Rockwell told me, as he hitched into something more nearly approaching comfort a painful shoulder (dislocated for France), "that many generations back we could point to a French ancestor of which we were extremely proud. We said that in France we saw that national spirit which was our ideal. We felt that at that distance, my brother felt it on the day when he was killed, I feel it yet.

"Both of us had said to one another many times: 'If France fights Germany again we shall fight with her.' So on August 3, the day before the declaration of war, we thus offered our services, and at 10 o'clock the next day we telegraphed for berths on the good old American Line ship St. Paul, sailing from New York on August 7.

"Between 10 A. M. and 2:46 P. M. we packed, giving up our apartment and presenting our black butler with what we could not carry, for neither

of us expected soon to see America again. We reached Washington Thursday morning, routed our member of Congress out of a committee meeting, induced him to help us get our passports quickly, changed our paper money into gold at the Treasury, and next morning sailed from New York, reaching London on August 14, ten days after the war's outbreak.

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Tracing the Pedigrees of Two of Stuart's Washingtons

Research Has Settled Controversy Between Mr. Munn and Mr. Cochran Regarding Origin of Their Pictures

WITHIN the last few days conclusive evidence has been gathered which brings to a close the amicable controversy of five years between Charles Allen Munn of the Scientific American and Alexander Smith Cochran as to the pedigrees of their respective Gilbert Stuart portraits of General Washington.

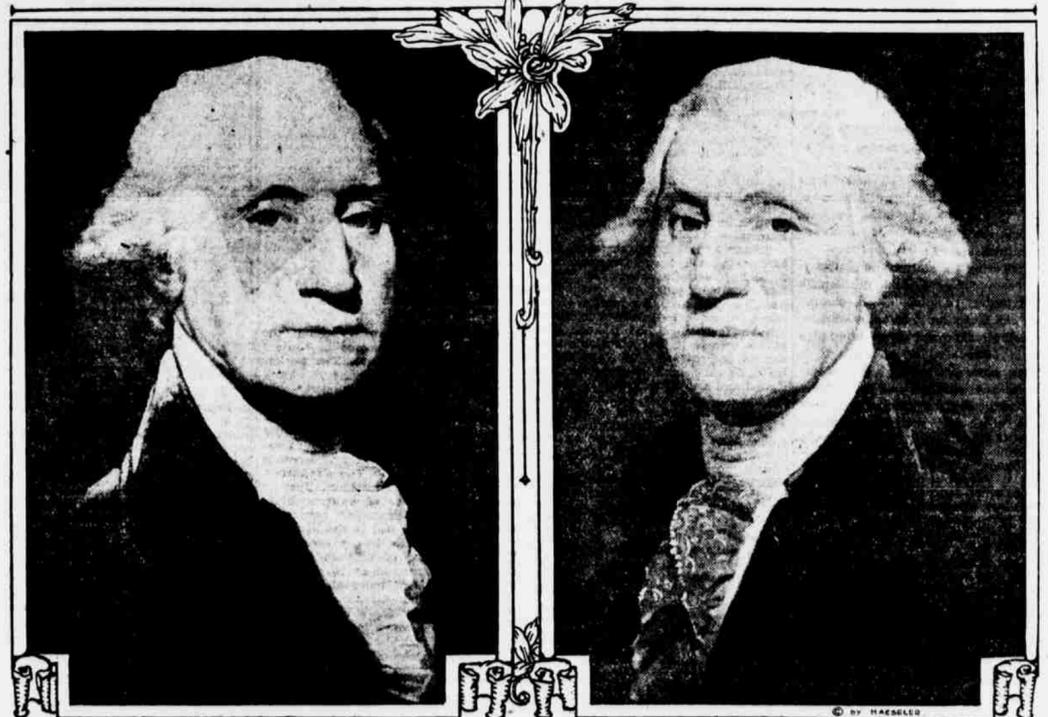
Each owner had asserted that his portrait of Washington was the one which came from—Scott, Esq., Lancaster, Penn., mentioned in the manuscript of Stuart as one of the gentlemen who "are to have copies of the portrait of the President of the United States." Mr. Munn insisted that Mr. Cochran should remove from the Stuart Washington in the Manor House in Yonkers the inscription declaring that it was the Scott portrait mentioned. Mr. Cochran called in Charles Henry Hart, a well known historical student and authority on American art, saying that he would abide by the results of Mr. Hart's investigation.

At no time has there been any question that both portraits were from the hand of the American master Stuart, although the history of the canvases has been the subject of one of the most prolonged, although entirely good natured, disputes in the annals of native art. The decision follows close upon an article published in THE SUNDAY SUN of January 7 last warning the public to take extreme care in the consideration of the works of the early American painters, now coming into such vogue.

Mr. Cochran has accepted the decision of Mr. Hart and the request of Mr. Munn is to be complied with. Here are the results of the investigation as given by Mr. Hart himself.

By CHARLES HENRY HART, Author of "Engraved Portraits of Washington."

In Collier's Weekly for February 20, 1909, I published an illustrated article on "A New Stuart Portrait of Washington," the closing paragraph of which stated, as it had been given to me, that this portrait had come from the family of Mr. Scott of Lancaster.



The Alexander Scott Stuart portrait of Washington owned by Charles Allen Munn.

The Gen. Edward Hand Stuart portrait of Washington owned by Alexander Smith Cochran.

Stars and Stripes had not flown over some one of the great conflict's episodes as the banner of a fighting force.

"Never shall I forget our first awakening after we had started for the front. It was a misty morning which we looked out upon through the open door of our box car and among the things we quickly saw were the fresh graves of soldiers, covered on one side of the track by German helmets and on the other by French kepis. A battle had occurred there several days before.

"We were in the war! "Two or three days later a party composed of Englishmen and Americans from our command surrounded and captured a German straggler. His kammerde was lying dead among the trees. We gave him chocolate and cheese and made him very happy.

"Our first experience in the trenches was near Rheims. I can testify to the grim fact that the cathedral really was shelled, for with my own eyes I saw the shells strike it and deface it.

"This was a wonderful experience. We were so situated that we could watch this great attack as if from seats in a vast theatre. Most of the property in the town of Verzeny, where we were stationed, was owned by German capitalists and therefore for a time no shells were thrown into it, but presently they wrecked it.

"For six or eight days we were busy in the trenches and then were given an interval of repose. Even that to me meant well, for not in this war. It means working harder than one works when in the trenches—digging, cleaning, grinding coffee, sawing wood, doing many things. Note this: The better a man's education and the gentler his breeding, the more unkempt and wild he gets to look when in a war.

The portrait shows the left side of the face and was an absolutely new type of a Stuart Washington and no replica or duplicate of it has yet come to light.

Subsequently the canvas was purchased by Alexander Smith Cochran for his fine collection of American portraits now in the Manor House at Yonkers. A catalogue of this collection was printed five years ago and in the list was the Stuart Washington with this note: "Painted from life in 1796 for Mr. Scott of Lancaster, Pa." This note was absolutely correct, according

and, worst of all, vermin affected nearly all of us. Remembrance of trench vermin still makes me shudder. I'd rather be blown to bits by shell than suffer again the terrible torment of big bug lice from Africa which we caught in the cantons wherein the Senegalese had been quartered.

"Food? It was all right, though it was about eight days before my brother and myself could learn to eat it. Later on we learned to like it. Trench digging will make any one like any food.

"To tell of what we went through after we got into the full swing of the war would be to repeat tales now commonplace. German prisoners explained to us that their brethren back in the German trenches were afraid of us especially, declaring that we neither gave quarter nor asked it, being merciless and fearless. This was Tommy, not but displeasing. Flatly awful rot about us and all the other allied fighters had been fed into them by their officers.

"Of course, we had internal troubles. In our large and motley force some spies were discovered. All sorts of things occurred. There has been traced as well as comedy in our own ranks, but there never has been ma-

pedigree of the pictures which is forth the facts that settle the controversy. After recognizing that Mrs. Reilly was the daughter of Mrs. Rogers, the daughter of Edward Scott, he says under date of January 1, 1917:

"About ten or fifteen years ago a young man by the name of Zinn told to J. K. Harr a picture of Washington. That picture is now in the possession of a Mr. Cochran of Philadelphia. Zinn made the statement that the grand father purchased it at the Hand sale. . . . The inventory of Gen. Edward Hand was filed on November 4, 1865. In it among a large number of household articles, is the portrait from 'Picture of Gen. Washington' gilt frame, L. E. 10."

This story is exactly the picture that was given with the Manchester portrait with the single but most important difference that Judge Zinn claims with the ownership of the Hand, a very much more important fact than the ownership of the portrait of Washington, who died and

I place very little value on the pedigree of the pictures and therefore pay but little attention to them, and the statement that the portrait was purchased by the grand father of Mr. Scott of Lancaster was not put in as of any great importance, but simply as a fitting ending to the article, just as it is a satisfactory and pleasing ending to this story to know that Mr. Munn has the "Alexander Scott of Lancaster Stuart-Washington" and Mr. Cochran has the "Gen. Edward Hand of Lancaster-Stuart-Washington." This story doubtless originated, although I do not presume to say how, by the marriage of Dorothy Hand, whose father was a Stuart Washington, to Edward Hand, who himself was one from the work of Alexander Scott.

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